

Fallen

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Summary: a girl is stuck in no man's land...and begins to lose...

Fallen

> <meta name="ProgId"> My Brother died today

My Brother died today.

Or was it yesterday? The day before that? Before that?

I don't know anymore.

I think I forgot, maybe I'm blocking the memory.

Maybe I'm forgetting.

I hope so.

But I'm not. He died a month ago. Broken neck.

I remember finding him. His frail body was so limp, so tiny. So dead. He wasn't moving, and he never would again. Never.

But the man that killed him would.

It wasn't a man. He wasn't a man. No man could have done that to an eight year old.

He was eight years old. He had the cutest laugh, the brightest eyes, the widest smile.

He's dead. I wonder if his body is still hanging out on Palm and Jarvis? Is it still swinging in the wind, are his eyes still open?

The hung him as an example.

That's all he was, and example. They never thought of him as a brother, a son, a friend? Maybe he wasn't a son anymore. His parents, no, our parents died.

They've been dead for two months. Probably still buried under the rubble. Still in our apartment building on 1st and Weiss.

Still dead.

He was eight years old. He was looking for food. And they killed him. Hung him, a stupid example in a stupid world.

He keeps dying in my head. Every day I die a little along with him. He's gone and he's not coming back. He's never coming back.

My world is never coming back.

Never.

I lost my world when the ground shook and Gotham fell.

My life, my parents, my brother.

My world.

Fell.

I think that's what caused this.

I think that's why I hold a bloody rock in my hands, why the manâ€|the monsterâ€|is dead at my feet.

I've fallen. I've fallen along with the monster, along with Gotham.

I've fallen, and I hope I never get up.

I'm not his sister anymore.

I'm the monster now.

I'm his killer.

And he's still dead.

End
file.